

THE SAVANNAH COURIER.

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SAVANNAH, TENNESSEE, THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1891.

One Dollar Per Year.

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN NERVE TONIC

AND Stomach and Liver Cure

The Most Astonishing Medical Discovery of the Last One Hundred Years.

It is Pleasant to the Taste as the Sweetest Nectar. It is Safe and Harmless as the Purest Milk.

This wonderful Nerve Tonic has only recently been introduced into this country by the Great South American Medicine Company, and yet its great value as a curative agent has long been known by the native inhabitants of South America, who rely almost wholly upon its great medicinal powers to cure every form of disease by which they are overtaken.

This new and valuable South American medicine possesses powers and qualities hitherto unknown to the medical profession. This medicine has completely solved the problem of the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, and diseases of the general Nervous System. It also cures all forms of failing health from whatever cause. It performs this by the Great Nerve Tonic qualities which it possesses and by its great curative powers upon the digestive organs, the stomach, the liver and the bowels. No remedy compares with this wonderfully valuable Nerve Tonic as a builder and strengthener of the life forces of the human body and as a great renewer of a broken down constitution. It is also of more real permanent value in the treatment and cure of diseases of the Lungs than any ten consumption remedies ever used on this continent. It is a marvelous cure for nervousness of females of all ages. Ladies who are approaching the critical period known as change in life, should not fail to use this great Nerve Tonic almost constantly for the space of two or three years. It will carry them safely over the danger. This great strengthener and curative is of inestimable value to the aged and infirm, because its great energizing properties will give them a new hold on life. It will add ten or fifteen years to the lives of many of those who will use a half dozen bottles of the remedy each year.

CURES

Nervousness and Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Sick Headache, Female Weakness, All Diseases of Women, Nervous Chills, Paralysis, Nervous Paroxysms and Nervous Choking, Hot Flashes, Palpitation of the Heart, Mental Despondency, Sleeplessness, St. Vitus's Dance, Nervousness of Females, Nervousness of Old Age, Neuralgia, Pains in the Heart, Pains in the Back, Falling Health. All these and many other complaints cured by this wonderful Nerve Tonic.

NERVOUS DISEASES.

As a cure for every class of Nervous Diseases, no remedy has been able to compare with the Nerve Tonic, which is very pleasant and harmless in all its effects upon the youngest child or the oldest and most delicate individual. Nine-tenths of all the ailments to which the human family is heir, are dependent on nervous exhaustion and impaired digestion. When there is an insufficient supply of nerve food in the blood, a general state of debility of the brain, spinal marrow and nerves is the result. Starved nerves, like starved muscles, become strong when the right kind of food is supplied, and a thousand weaknesses and ailments disappear as the nerves recover. As the nervous system must supply all the power by which the vital forces of the body are carried on, it is the first to suffer for want of perfect nutrition. Ordinary food does not contain a sufficient quantity of the kind of nutriment necessary to repair the wear our present mode of living and labor imposes upon the nerves. For this reason it becomes necessary that a nerve food be supplied. This recent production of the South American Continent has been found, by analysis, to contain the essential elements out of which nerve tissue is formed. This accounts for its magic power to cure all forms of nervous derangements.

CRAWFORDVILLE, IND., Aug. 20, '88.

To the Great South American Medicine Co.,
DEAR GENTS:—I desire to say to you that I have suffered for many years with a very serious case of nervous prostration, and I have tried every medicine I could hear of, but nothing has done me any good. I have been advised to try your Great South American Nerve Tonic and Stomach and Liver Cure, and since taking several bottles of it I must say that I am surprised at its wonderful power to cure the stomach and general nervous system. I never knew the value of this remedy as I do, you would not be able to supply the demand.

Ex-Treas. Montgomery Co.,
A SWORN CURE FOR ST. VITUS'S DANCE OR CHOREA.

CRAWFORDVILLE, IND., May 19, 1888.
My daughter, twelve years old, had been afflicted for several months with St. Vitus's Dance. She was reduced to a skeleton, could not walk, could not talk, could not swallow anything. I had to handle her like an infant. Doctor and neighbors gave her can Nerve Tonic; the effects were very surprising. In three days she was rid of the nervousness, and rapidly improved. Four bottles cured her completely. I think the South American Nerve Tonic the greatest remedy ever discovered, and would recommend it to everyone.

Mrs. W. S. ENGLISH.

INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA.

The Great South American Nerve Tonic

Which we now offer you, is the only absolutely unfailing remedy ever discovered for the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and the vast train of symptoms and horrors which are the result of disease and debility of the human stomach. No person can afford to pass by this jewel of incalculable value who is afflicted by disease of the Stomach, because the experience and testimony of thousands go to prove that this is the ONE and ONLY great cure in the world for this universal destroyer. There is no case of unalarming disease of the stomach which can resist the wonderful curative powers of the South American Nerve Tonic.

Mrs. Ella A. Bratton, of New Ross, Ind., says: "I can not express how much I owe to the Nerve Tonic. My system was completely shattered, appetite gone, and I was in the first stages of consumption, an inheritance handed down through several generations. I began taking the Nerve Tonic and continued its use for about six months, and an entirely cured. It is the greatest remedy for nerves, stomach and lungs I have ever seen."

Ed J. Brown, Druggist of Edina, Mo., writes: "My health had been very poor for years, was coughing severely. I weighed only 110 pounds when I commenced using South American Nerve Tonic. I have used two bottles and now weigh 130 pounds, and am much stronger and better than I have been for five years. Am sure I would not have lived through the winter had I not secured this remedy. My customers see what it has done for me and buy it eagerly. It gives great satisfaction."

EVERY BOTTLE WARRANTED.

Price, Large 18 ounce Bottles, \$1.25. Trial Size, 15 cents.

W. W. AKIN,

Paul, Tenn.

SOLE WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENT

Paul, Tenn.

WINNING A WIFE.

Mr. Claymer, of Texas, and His Remarkable Trade.

Everybody said that Ben Claymer was a "crank," and no one thought to more strongly than Marianne Harper, who had been the object of his eccentric attention for many months. She, being a student of human nature, was calmly amused with this "odd freak," as she called him.

"He is a puzzle, Aunt Jane," she said; "I don't know whether to think him a genius or an idiot. Sometimes I'm more than half-inclined to believe the latter."

When Claymer called on Marianne, it would seem that he took no note of time, and only the broadest of hints from her would arouse him. Then he would smile good-naturedly, and say: "What's the use of going anywhere, anyway? Just about the time I get to feeling settled and at home, somebody tells me to go. Poor little Joe! Move on!"

For several months his visits would be regular and often, and then cease altogether, while for weeks he would confine himself closely to his work. Marianne paid no attention to these sudden falls of temperature, having long since ceased to wonder at anything he did, and when, after about a month's absence, he reappeared, she greeted him as usual and never called him to account for his neglect.

Mr. Claymer was a "struggling" journalist, whose fortune was yet to be made, and Marianne was the daughter of a distinguished lawyer in good circumstances. Perhaps this is the reason why Claymer never indulged any tender sentiments in all his long talks with Marianne. They discussed the tariff, labor question, science and religion, and Marianne proved herself thoroughly mistress of all these weighty subjects, being an industrious reader who always kept "posted."

She captured the intellect of Ben Claymer, just as her sweet womanly ways had conquered his heart. Claymer was a politician "to the bone," and enthusiastic friends said that he should enter politics for himself instead of spending all his time and energy in working for others. This Claymer refused to do, and continued, with the greatest good humor, to play jacks to inferior lions much after the manner of Sidney Carton.

"He has no ambition," Marianne said to herself. "Dear me! If I were his sister or his mother, or anything, wouldn't I stir him up, though! I have no patience with people who hide their lights under a bushel."

Once, when they had been discussing the marriage of a couple of their acquaintances (for one of Claymer's odd traits was that he took great interest in little gossip, and speculation concerning the affairs of people in general), Claymer said:

"Well, I think Parker did very wrong to ask Miss Webster to share his lot, which said lot is a myth, and all she will be called upon to share will be a stuffy room in a second-class boarding house; she leaves a comfortable, pleasant home, where everything is as she likes it, and expects to find greater happiness in a ten-by-fifteen room which overlooks a poultry yard. I should never ask a woman to leave my lot unless it was every bit as good as the one she left."

"Young men shouldn't expect to begin where the old ones left off. When man and wife joined their fortunes, their sole possessions were a log cabin with a dirt floor, and a twenty-dollar gold piece. Pa owned the mansion, and he brought him the princely dower. When I hear them talk over those 'good old times,' I feel sorry for commonplace, well-to-do persons who get married and prosper through life without any real trouble or pleasure either."

"You may be right, but that is not my idea of 'fun.' I think a poor man is a selfish brute when he wants a partner in poverty. Of course it was different when your father was married; it was rather the fashion to be poor in those times, and people didn't mind it much."

"Poverty will never go out of fashion," laughed Marianne, "unless Bellamy's plans are adopted."

"Miss Marianne," said Claymer, solemnly, after several minutes of thought, "let me ask you a question in 'rhythmic.' What would be a fair exchange for a girl who is worth her weight in gold, and five hundred thousand dollars in actual cash?"

"A United States senator with a sixty-five ounce brain promptly replied, with a twinkle in his eye, 'Claymer's countenance dropped several degrees below zero, and he answered, quietly: 'Correct; go up head.'"

After that conversation Ben Claymer had another stay at home spell, and Marianne saw him no more for three months. This was the longest spell he had ever had. She was on the eve of her departure for a European tour, and she was thinking: "How I hate to leave without bidding friend Benjamin goodbye!" when she heard the click of the gate latch and turned to see the tall, slightly stooping form of Claymer coming up the gravel walk.

"You're just in time, Sir Truant," she called to him from the balcony.

"Yes," said he, "I have just heard of your intended tour. How I envy you! A European tour is the next thing to a trip to the 'promised land' in my list. How can you leave us all so long, and by the way, how long shall you stay?"

His tone was light and cheery. Marianne did not own to herself that she was disappointed to see him in such apparent good spirits, but she was. "We intend to be gone three years. Ours will not be a flying trip; we will take our time and learn a great deal. I have no doubt."

Claymer betrayed even now none of the dismay which he felt, but ran his long, slender fingers lazily through his wavy, black hair, and said: "Well, you will be situated so that you can write very readable letters, and if you will do me the kindness to send your little moments in transmitting your impressions, stray pieces of information, and so forth, to paper, and forwarding the same to me, I shall be greatly indebted to you. Will you?"

"If you will promise not to publish my epistles in the Daily American," laughed Marianne.

"Agreed," said he. They talked for an hour or more, and at last the darkening shadows warned Claymer that it was about time he was sitting at the head of Mrs. Bobb's supper table, and he made his first effort to go. The first effort was never his last. Finally, he said: "I'm going now, really. Good-by. Don't marry an English lord, or Count Macaroni, or anything of that kind, for goodness' sake."

"I won't," said she. "I don't want any imported husband; tariff's too high. I'll come back and throw myself away on an American senator."

Claymer laughed, held out his hand and said: "Good-by! God bless you."

"DEAR MISS MARIANNE: Yours, dated May 10, Milan, received this morning. Glad to hear that you approved of the cathedral; if you hadn't, poor Campbell would have turned over in his grave, or, if not, wherever his distinguished remains may lie. I've no doubt the cathedral is a real nice place. But you should see Jim Slocum's new dry-goods store, which has been erected since you left. It has a beautiful cornice, and just two panes of glass to each window. Hay is still in a boom, and business lively. I saw eleven yaguas all in town at once, yesterday, and it wasn't Saturday either."

"DEAR MISS MARIANNE: All lovely at Hayline. Two new subscribers to the Daily American. Your description of Venetian life is very entertaining. I guess St. Marks isn't much more the Bridge of Sighs either; at least they wouldn't appear so to anyone who has seen Jim Slocum's store, with the magnificent cornices and the red-velvet window-panes. John Giles has bought a horse and buggy, and you ought to see the style. Mr. Giles tries to put on, but the horse isn't built for style, and it's no go. You seem to receive your due share of attention from the Macaronis; don't forget the American senator, fair and gracious lady. He is of high degree. Have you seen an 'Little Nellie,' or 'Miss Weller,' or 'Sam Weller'?"

You said if you were in the land of Dickens you would look out for some of those interesting characters. I think of you and your attention is given to the Peabody, Goldfishes, etc. I'm real glad you're to be home soon. Don't stop long in Washington on your way home, for I want to see Jim Slocum's store before the dairy freshness is worn off that heavenly cornice and window."

Washington society welcomed with open arms the beautiful, talented and wealthy Miss Harper. She and her parents are such favorites with the senators and their wives that their stay is prolonged.

"Though I don't see any senator here for me, ma," laughs Marianne. "Every one is married, and has a large and interesting family."

"Well, dearie," says ma, with a smile, "you are sorry now that you didn't consent to become Lady Gogoroff, aren't you?"

"Not much! I'd much rather marry the poorest fellow in America."

"Ben Claymer, for instance," hints ma. Marianne faintly flushes and says, laughingly: "It is a pity that he is not so susceptible as those 'foreigners.'"

A magnificent reception is at its height. Marianne Harper stands, clad in filmy white, the center of an admiring circle.

"Ah," says one, "there is the new senator from Texas, your state, Miss Harper, and you should be proud of him. He is the youngest senator in congress and has made quite a reputation since he came in. A remarkable young man!"

As Marianne turns to look at the object of these remarks, her eyes meet the gaze of the large, gray, dreamy orbs which are the peculiar property of one Ben Claymer of Hayline, Texas, and he immediately makes his way to her.

"Mr. Claymer! What a genuine surprise!" she exclaims. "What are you doing in Washington, and especially what are you here for?"

"I'm in Washington because the dear people sent me here, and I am at this reception because I heard that I should be likely to meet a fellow-citizen here."

"He answers, modestly, but with a bright sparkle in his dreamy eyes. They exchange commonplace platitudes until, by some dexterous sleight-of-hand performance, causes the admiring circle of Marianne to vanish and leave him alone in the field. He proposes a stroll through the conservatory, and as they are at last free from the gaze of all eyes, Claymer turned and clasped her hands tightly in both of his.

"Marianne, no words can tell you how glad I am to see you. Are you true to your American senator?"

"I am proud of your distinction," said she, in a bright, eager tone. "I was expecting to find you grinding out fine editorial for the Daily American. Why didn't you write to me about this?"

"Never mind; I'll tell you all about it some other time. What I want to know now is if the girl who is worth her weight in gold is willing to exchange herself for an American senator, as she once said she would."

Marianne, nothing but the hope of one day feeling herself in such position that to proffer you my love would not be an unworthy and foolish act, nothing but this has brought me here. You were my incentive, and without you I care for nothing. I have loved you always. Will you be my own little Mrs. Senator? Aye or no, darling?"

"The ayes have it," said Marianne, softly, "Marianne, in Housekeeper."

Why He Wanted a Nice Picture.
A local photographer tells a story of a young man who came into the studio one day and asked nervously if he might have a little conversation with him. The visitor was painfully ugly, and after some awkward blushing and indefinite allusions he asked the artist if he supposed he had among his samples a picture of a young man who looked like him, but was better looking.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Sir August Paget receives \$40,000 a year as British minister to Austria. This salary enables him to keep on good terms with the imperial family and the aristocracy, and his duties do not extend much beyond this.

—Miss Sara Jeannette Duncan, the author of "A Social Departure," and the correspondent for newspapers in Canada, Washington, New York and New Orleans, is going from her home in Ontario to India, where she will be married.

"The verses commencing 'You'd scarce expect one of my age,' etc., are said to have been written expressly for a prominent New Hampshire statesman who flourished in the first half of this century. He spoke the verses when a mere child at school."

—Jason Brown, second son of the old abolitionists whose "soul is marching on," recently came east from California, where he has lived for the last six years, and is visiting at Hay, Pa., not very far from Harper's Ferry. He is now sixty-eight years old, and lectures a good deal on temperance.

—Mr. Gladstone is moving into his new house in Park lane. The old gentleman is not, however, getting his impediments in order for removing from the "cold shades of opposition" to the sunny side of the treasury bench. The old tenants are very reluctant about giving up possession.

—The Crown Princess Stephanie of Austria appears to have abandoned all idea of contracting a second marriage, as she has just purchased a beautiful property at Abazia, on the Adriatic, where she is going to build a large villa, which is to be surrounded by elaborately laid out Italian gardens.

—The young Viscount Belgrave, grandson of the duke of Westminster, will, on his twenty-fifth birthday, be the richest man in the world. At that auspicious time his income will be not far from twenty thousand dollars a day, a reasonably good start in life, as money goes, one would say.

—The queen of Roumania has written a melo-drama which should have been produced at the Burg theater at Vienna, but it turned out to be so wildly and weirdly absurd in plot and so bombastic in language that the managers insisted that if it was produced there would not only be a riot in the audience, but a strike among the employees, and so it was withdrawn. Even a queen is not free from dramatic fancies.

—Thomas Nelson Page, the southern author, explains how a portion of the Pages in America came to write the name Paige, as is the case with many in the north. Those branches of the family in England and Scotland which espoused the Cromwellian cause were anxious not to be connected with their cousins, who were royalists, and so the roundhead Pages put in the "i," which has been kept in ever since. It was even a badge of religious loyalty, just as the cavaliers wore their flowing locks.

HUMOROUS.

—A Tender Heart.—He—"May I see you home?" She—"No, but you may watch me start."—Epoch.

—Castles in the air are walked in by fancy, remarked the poet. "Faith, I'd prefer a rule fence," said Pat.—Texas Siftings.

—Departed.—Misses—"Is the fire going, Bridget?" Bridget (an amateur)—"Faith, mum, an' it's just gone."—American Grocer.

—A Martyr for Others.—"Plodder is looking pale; he's just killing himself with hard work." "What's he engaged at?" "Intending a labor-saving machine."—Judge.

—Since a St. Louis justice decided that a young woman must return the gifts made by a rejected lover, an epidemic of kissing is said to have struck the youth of that town.—St. Joseph News.

—A Great Fall in Spoons.—J. Oker—"There is a great fall in spoons." Jeweler (deeply interested)—"No?" J. Oker—"Yes; they're now decorated with Niagara in the bowls."—Jewelers' Weekly.

—One At a Time Sufficient.—"Say, Jack, old boy, do you approve of having bells with you when you go out with your sleigh on the boulevard?" "No, I do not, Billy. A single bell is enough for me."—Brooklyn Eagle.

—She—"I don't know how true it is, but they say your friend Johnson has a fiendish temper. I understand he threw a trunk at his wife on their bridal tour!" He—"There never was a grimmer scoundrel. I assure you. I happen to know it was only a value."—Smith, Gray & Co's Monthly.

—Wouldn't Raise the Price.—Real Estate Agent—"Look here, Uncle Abe. I find that house and lot you put into your hands to sell has an encumbrance on it." Uncle Abe—"What did? Didn't know that sure, sah. Well, nebbier mind. If it's got or ed mine on it, let it go at de price."—Epoch.

—Explaining the Item.—Client—"You have an item in your bill: Advice, January 8, five dollars." That was the day before I retained you." Lawyer—"I know it. But don't you remember, on the 8th I told you'd better let me take the case for you?" Client—"Yes." Lawyer—"Well, that's advice."—N. Y. Sun.

—Say, Will, how do you pronounce to-m-a-t-o-e-s? "Why, to-ma-toes. Why do you ask?" "Dr. Ketchum pronounced it so peculiarly this morning in speaking of old Mrs. Sickelly's condition." "How did he pronounce it?" "Why, he said she had been lying in a to-ma-toe condition since yesterday!"—Light.

—Real Economy.—"What conditions do you set for the lady?" "A beautiful face, two thousand marks' property, a thorough knowledge of housekeeping, and she must wear six and one-fourth gloves." "And may I venture to inquire why you make this last condition?" "Certainly; several years ago I drew in a raffle six pairs of ladies' gloves of that number, and you could not expect me to throw them away."—Fleegand, Blatter.

IN WOMAN'S BEHALF.

LET US BE LOYAL.

Portions of the Address of Greeting Delivered by Mrs. Isabel H. Floyd at the Recent Annual Breakfast of the Brooklyn Heights Seminary Club.

Mrs. President, Dear Old Schoolmates, and New Ones:

I have but one thought to suggest to you to-day, and that is.

LET US BE LOYAL TO EACH OTHER! In the name of all my "out-of-town" sisters, whether here present in the body or in spirit, I give our "in-the-city" members a cordial and most hearty hand-clasp! We are so glad to see you! "Changed a little?" Why, of course, some of us have not met for over a dozen years—that's to be expected. Curious, isn't it? What a halo of silver mist the years cast over the days that are gone! * * *

A group of schoolmates were talking over one that was absent. One busy-body declared that the absent one had been seen kissing a handsome young man on the corner of Henry and Pierpoint streets. As she was too young to have a fiancé, and as she was also known to have no brothers, this was considered in the last degree reprehensible and unbecomingly. Several of the other girls exclaimed over it: "I wouldn't have thought she would do such a thing, would you?" when up spoke a dear friend of hers:

"I don't believe it! There's some good explanation for it! I won't believe that Jen did such a thing as that, until she tells me so herself."

As they were speaking, in walked the "Jen" under discussion. She was told the story, and asked if it were true. Her eyes danced with mischief, she stood with her arm about the waist of her friend who had defended her, and said: "That I kissed a gentleman on the corner of Henry and Pierpoint streets yesterday morning, yes, it is true—but that gentleman was my handsome and young-looking father! Now you girls need not be setting your caps for him, I tell you—for he's already spoken for."

The girls all laughed, except the one who had started the gossip, and she slunk out of the room.

A former student at Brooklyn Heights seminary (let us call her Alice), happily married to a man of means and leisure, was one day riding down the Avenue de l'Opera, in Paris. In the course of their way the crowd of vehicles caused their preceding horses to come to a standstill opposite a number of little tables on the sidewalk, just outside a well-known cafe.

Seated at one of the tables, dressed in a striking, showy "toilette," was a handsome woman, with beautiful large eyes and flaxen blonde hair. Her companions were three Frenchmen, dressed in the height of fashion. Wine was in the glasses before them—they were laughing and talking with much gaiety and enjoyment—and all four were smoking cigarettes. A second later, and our student friend recognized Mamie X., whom she had often walked arm-in-arm with to school not so many years before. The recognition was mutual. Alice bowed in a slow, amazed fashion, wondering if she were not in some strange dream. But Mamie's wits were sharper.

The red flush of shame sprang to her fair face, her cigarette dropped from her fingers, and starting suddenly, she knocked over one of the wine-glasses and it fell to the pavement with a crash. Simultaneously, the crowd of vehicles moved on a space, and chirruping to his horses, the driver of Alice's carriage passed on quickly, and trotting down the smooth boulevard, they were soon lost to sight.

The next day, by some strange chance of Providence, they met again in the Magasin du Louvre. Each was alone shopping. Alice saw Mamie first. Withdrawing her hand from the book she was holding, she bowed in a slow, amazed fashion, wondering if she were not in some strange dream. But Mamie's wits were sharper.

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the stronger and harder things of the world. But that is no reason for feeling that our lives are colorless and dull. Every one is of use and value in her own place, if she will but fill that place royally and true.

And so, dear schoolmates, if we speak of the days that are passed, and those that lived then, let us be loyal to each other! If we speak of the present, and of those who live now, let us be loyal to each other!

And in the days to come, whether present or absent, whether "in the city" or "out of town," in deed and in thought, let us be loyal to each other!—Isabel Henderson Floyd.

WHAT A WOMAN EATS.

The Unhealthy Diet of a Large Majority of the Women Who Work.

Of twenty women lunching at a popular restaurant a few days ago, five ordered ice-cream and cake; three a piece of pie and cup of coffee each; two had bread and butter, followed by dark fruit cake, and the eight remaining women were divided between eclairs, cream cakes, jelly tarts and doughnuts, with an occasional cup of coffee or tea.

The one sensible woman had soup, a sandwich and light salad, with a piece of sponge cake and a cup of chocolate. I lingered over my own luncheon, so that the twenty women all changed during my stay, but the proportion of cake-eaters remained the same. The majority of these lunchers were working women. They had probably, at the least calculation, been at work since 9 o'clock that morning, and had yet some four or five hours more of labor before them; during that time they expected to sustain life, with a piece of sponge cake and a cup of chocolate, a piece of pie and a cup of coffee. Among the harder working class the same thing exists also, and women deliberately refuse to avail themselves of cheap and nutritious food, preferring, instead, worthless, harmful pastry. It is scarcely necessary to add that among the forty odd women who came and went during my luncheon, there was scarcely one with a clear, rosy complexion such as every woman should have, or who gave the impression of perfect health. One saw instinctively they had no appetite, had headache and "nerves," and were heirless to a thousand natural but unnecessary ills that the exercise of a little common sense would avert.—Ladies' Home Journal.

THE GIRLS' HOME TRAINING.
How It Is Possible by a Gradual Process to Make Good Housekeepers of Your Daughters.

There are the studies that must not be interrupted—social exchanges to be duly met, a certain amount of sewing and reading to be accomplished; out-of-door life in abundance, and enough sleep to insure health, to be secured.

The most efficient, ambitious mother is often necessarily absorbed with other interests than adapting her spare moments to the intervals of her daughter's leisure; and the completion of house duties is imperative, and can not wait for the hand of a novice.